loved in the absence of rain) the clouds collected and sured forth a tremendous flood.

peured forth a tremendous flood.

It being a disgrace among them for any but their spiritual head and a treasurer to learn to real and write they have nothing but vague traditions left of the old Zoreastrianism. It will be an interesting inquiry to accertain what relation the religion of the Sabeans bore to that of the Assyrians as represented in their monuments. Did they stand in antagonism, or were they different developments of the old Persian theology! The settlement of this question will throw much light on some the early forms of idolatry—those forms which still have place under the sanction of the Shasters.

But let me return to the festival. Every morning.

But let me return to the festival. Every morning. But let me return to the festival. Every morning, naked children were brought to the sacred fountains and immersed. The Yezedees believe in regeneration by baptism! Nothing further is necessary to salvation except carefulness to observe the traditions of the sect with regard to dress, food, secresy and Satan. Votive offerings were made to the sbrine of the Sheikh Adi in the shape of likefs or blankets, shawls and sheep. Whenever a blanket was to be extrical to the temple a band of ever a blanket was to be carried to the temple a band of finte and tambourine operators preceded the offerer, who added to his stock of preparation for the upper who added to his stock of preparation for the apper world by every such contribution to the priesthood. The gifts were considered sacred and the pilgrims hissed them as they passed. The large court before the temple was constantly filled with people, and the two sides of it were lined with temporary bazaars, where tawdry or-aments, fruit and sheets of bread, were exposed for saments, truit and sheets of bread, were exposed for sale. Whenever any of us Franks passed through, an opening was made in their ranks voluntarily, and every possible mark of attention was shown us, there is no private judgment in this country. All questions are decided by representative, or rather hereditary heads.

If Mar Shimon, the patriarch of the mountain Nesta.

Mar Shimon, the patriarch of the mountain Nesto-should turn Catholle, all his people would go with im except those who have learnt the truth as it is taught niah. The chief men among the Yezodees at Oroomiah. The chief men among the Yezseless treating us with honor, was reason enough why the people should lay aside all prejudices against us. Doubless they prefer that no Christian of the country, no Moslem, and no Frank should be present at their religious erremonies, and but few ever venture among them. Twelve years since it would have cost a Frank his head to tread that sacred ground in the time of the feast. Mr. Rastand and descriptions of the propulging the sacred ground in the sacred ground in their complaints. sam has given them such efficient aid in their complaints to the Turkish Government that they look upon him as a mediator, and in return for his good offices the people all treat him with as much reverence as the holiest of the Sheiks. These they regard with great affection, and the Chiefs in consequence regard them as their children, and not as their prey. They invert the order of the Turk in this matter. His business is to act the vampire.

I doubt if any king upon earth is regarded with such sincere respect by his subjects as Hussein bey and Sheikh Nasir by their simple-hearted people.

The confusion in front of our cabin was at times deafening. Silver-headed damsels were among the crowd—young men had on their large, gay turbans stuck deafening. Silver-headed damsels were among the crowd—young men had on their large, gay turbans stuck with daffoldle from the mountains—spearmen rode their horses hung with gaudy trappings—mules struggled under their loads of pomegranates, grapes, figs, raisins and dry goods—donkeys half concealed heneath thei, bardens—all crowded the pathways and jostled eacr other without ceremony. Here a boy snatched a don key up in his arms and bears him through the crowd—there women are swinging their infants to sleep in analels made of ropes and attached to the branches of trees; youder is an old blind man picking his way, probably the last time, down the rocky mountain—all are chattering and fall of joy upon the holy ground which they tread barefooted to keep it from defilement.

It was with some difficulty we accommodated in our narrow quarters all our distinguished visitors; to whom, of course, coffee must be passed and sents furnished. Most of the time, for the five days we were there, Mr. Is house was overflowed, and some of the natives were always present at his meals. I need not describe their awkwardness in using our table instruments, for doubt-

awkys present at his meals. I need not describe their awkwardness in using our table instruments, for doubtless ours was as great when we used our fingers at their hospitable boards. Every evening a band of flute and tambourine players, and one or two dancers, performed a sacred piece before our door. Their movements were monotonous, but graceful. Dressed in a sort of bishop's webs and extending their love shears which have been a steady as the same table. rebe, and extending their long sleeves, which hung loose from the shoulders, carrying their hands on a level with their heads, their measured tread made it certain the performance had some connection with religion. On mind reverted at once to the days of David. The or irreligious dance I saw was that of six men who slapp other's hands in good time, singing loudly, if not sweetly, to the blows.

Every evening our party took walks among the shrubbery and fountains. We observed figs upon thrifty trees, wild crab-apples and pears, large accrus and gall nuts on the shrub-oaks, young karobs, mulberries and blackberries. Though none of them was cultivated, it was evident the soil and climate in that quarter would be favorable to many of the fruits of the middle States. Mr. Rassam has already introduced the Sea Island cotton with remarkable success, and he proposes next year to plant some sweet potatoes and some Irish also at Baadir, the village he has rented. Such improvements can be made in Turkey. The caks of Shickh Adi were so pecuthe village he has rented. Such improvements can be made in Turkey. The caks of Shiekh Adi were so pecu-liar that Mr. Layard conveyed some of them to England.

The view in the evening was exceedingly beautiful.
Groups were gathered on every terrace and roof, each having its torch lit from the sacred fire of the temple dodicated to Shiekh Shems. The mountains sides seemed to be set with golden gems. Their dark summits formed a fine mind the giant Gibraltar as it appeared the night we sailed into the harbor. It looked like a tall block of porphyry girdled with brilliants. The people passed their hands through the torch flames and then over their faces. while the stones on which the lights were set were kissed

with reverential awe.

One evening I was called to see a young man in the grasp of death. He had bathed in the holy fountain to drive away his fever, and found it not to be another Siloam. His relatives had not arrived till just before I. was called, and he had been all day speechless and cold. Some tartar emetic and rum brought him to his senses. Some tartar emetic and rum brought him to his senses, but not till his wife and sisters stripped off all their ornaments and the crowd had commenced howling for his expected death. The next morning the mother sent me a sheep, and offered to give Mr. Hodder, the artist of the British Museum, her three daughters. We had some prospect of seeing the offer accepted when it was suddenly ascertained that it would be a great sin for a Yezedge to marry one of a different creed. "Be not une-qually yoked together with unbelievers." All they could do for us therefore was to dance.

At the invitation of Sheikh Nasir, Mr. Rassam and myself took breakfast with the nobles of the tribe. Our boots were exchanged for pumps at the entrance of the most holy precincts. About a hundred and fifty occupied most hely precincts. About a hundred and fifty occup the stone floor of the court. All rose at our entrai the stone floor of the court. All rose at our entrance. Coffee was proffered and the everlasting pipe. Shiekh Kasir wore a red silk gown, over which was a snow-white sild, or thin cloak, a huge gay turban, and his face was remarkably mild and pleasant. Some of the diguitaries were blood-red cloaks, colored silk sashes around their a sists filled with daggers and pistols; white breeches and rich turbans, while others were plainly clad. The walls of the temple were carved with various figures—crooks, combs, hatchets, snakes, lions and guns—which were doubtless symbolical, but of what I cannot tell.

Breakfast was announced by a knowld asking a blessing from Sheikh Adi, if the simple cry to the multitude to eat of the great saint's feast could be called so, and then were brought successive dishes of meat and vegetables to the dignisaries, the fakirs always being careful to observe a dignitaries, the fakirs always being careful to observe a rigid respect to rank. We came after Sheikh Nasir—their pope. Sheets of coarse bread were spread upon the pavement, answering for table-cloth and food. Caldrons were brought, in which were smoked chickens, sheesy lebs, and various greasy mixtures, which we took into our mouths with unwashed hands, the remnant of which was passed on to the inferiors. When the officials were sated, the priests helped the people to hot pieces of sheep from a great caldron, which contained the victims excrificed to the honor of Sheikh Adi. Each family brought a sheep as an offering, and received saily a supply of meat ready cooked from the public Each family brought a sheep as an offering, and received daily a supply of meat ready cooked from the public boiler. After eating, copper ewers and basins were brought for us to wash our hands; coffee was again passed, and we left the sacred enclosure, pronouncing Salaam steikim to the attendants of our host, who remained standing till we were out of sight. On another visit, the Frenchman accompanied us. We were permitted to enter the hely temple, but with naked foet. It was a dingy affair with a large fountain for the bastism of the young; several greesy oil caps, and in a side chamber a box-like tomb, where Sheith Nair asserted is the bones of Sheith Adi. They take no pains to ormament the temple for fear of tempting the spoiling prothe bones of Sheikh Au.

They have a politic parties the apolling promeint the temple for fear of tempting the apolling promeinties of the Kurds, who a few years since, under the promises of the Kurds, who a few years since under the promises and the promises and the promises and the promises are the promises and the promises and the promises are the promises are the promises and the promises are the promises are the promises and the promises are the promises a pensities of the Kurds, who a rew years since, under the superintendance of Ravendouz Bey, plundered all their villages and butchered some thousands of the ugritives in cold blood on the mound of Kayunjik within sight of the people of Mosal, and their bones now lie in a common grave with the sales of Senuscheric.

Having stilled our eyes in the rough temple we re-

wilah before the holy of holies. A dwarf who would randah before the holy of holies. A dwarf who would draw a crowd at Barnums, on whose head Sheikh Nasir had put one of our brown hats, performed some queer dances, while four tamborines and two fifes drowned his tread upon the pavement. Again visiting the main point of operation, we saw a circle of females, loaded with silver, amber and glass bracelets, their necks strung with beads and gold coins, their heads covered with pieces of liver and flowers, dancing with modest countenances before the roung men who would now and then draw one from the circle and plasser her cheeks and foreboad with

coins, in token of apprehation if not love. Females never appear thus publicly unless actually dragged thither—just as it is deemed a mark of modesty for a bride to pull back when being carried to the house of her beoved. I saw here no indications of licentiousness, alloved. I saw nere no more about the section of head toughess, atthough it has been generally supposed that this festival is the scene of horrid orgies. I believe the Yezerdees are quite as virtuous as their neighbors. The marriage row a mere promise to" feed and comfort" and is easily dis-There is considerable latitude in the construction of the marriage obligations, but I doubt less chastity among them than among the Mosleons. It this is saying but little in their favor, it may indicate that their religious faith has about as much control over them as has that of Mohammed over his devotees. Had they no religion they would have no morals. We paid a visit to the harem of Hussein Bey, one af-

He has four wives and is expecting another frym Diarbekir. Each has her peculiar temperaments the sanguine, the lymphatic, the nervous and the bilious, were all represented. All wore immense silver bracelets, their eyes were tinged black with kohl, their heads lets, their eyes were tinged black with kook, their neads decked with pieces of gold and silver and becoming veits, which they drew aside in honor of our presence. The Yezedee women have even less fear of showing their faces than Christians; for a Moslem woman to draw aside her screen is a great shame. Our host ordered coffee, pipes and apples. The ladies of the land are decidedly green if they do not smoke. Our host said to us he was ashamed of the homeliners of his wives—a relative programment. His mark which they received with entire resignation. mars which they received with entire resignation. It is brother's uncouth wife was present but received little no-tice till her husband's mother informed us she was the daughter of a heroic Yezedee, who with his single hand beat back five hundred Kurds in battle! To be a descendant of such a hero was enough to counterbalance all

her ugliness.
Several quarrels occurred while we were at Sheikh Adi, and Mr. Rassam generally acted as pacificator. A Kurd was brought up for stealing a fez, fined and banished. A Jew was endgelled for demanding of a priest usand pinstres, for a loan of two thousand. fied to Mr. R. whom Hussein Bay had exiled for threaten ing to kill him; pardon was granted, and the mun stool on as good terms as ever. Law, among them, is not an abstract or technical affair at all. The chiefs act as judges in all cases of trouble, which are far less between themselves than from their oppressive neighbors.

I was interested in the dress of some Kurds from Missouri, a province near Sheikh Adi. They attended the wife and daughter of Mohamed Agher, the Governor of the district, at the festival. Immense cotton shawls wound round their wool skull-caps, swords hung at their sides, guns over their shoulders, daggers in their girlles. axd loose cotton Bloomers reached down to their girdles, pointed slippers. A curious shield was suspended to their backs. It was about a forting light and their backs. skin back, pad and handle; in front were circular pie strong wollen cloth ribbed with iron, and centered with a metallic plate, and the whole burdered with a fringe of silk. If Xenophen had been there, I doubt not he would have recognized them as the descendants of the Cardu chi, through whose mountains he passed in his memorable

On Friday afternoon, a week from the time we left Mosul, we bade adieu to our kind-hearted friends, the deluded devil-worshippers, and took a last look of the clean-dressed multitude as we slowly passed away. It was a week not mis-spent. It was well for us to becathe rigorating air of the mountains and to see a tings of endom. We saw how little Sabeanism can do to heathendom. evate mankind, even when modernized by an external entact with Mohammedanism and a formal Christian What darkness even the sun casts over those who are ignorant of its nature and its cause! Enough of symbols. There is one Mediator who can lay his hands on the finite and infinite. Let us hasten his universal

We had a tedious ride under a burning sun to Ain Sifneh, a Yezedee village two hours from Sheik Adi. The present hiaych and his late predecessor had a quarrel. each demanding the honor of entertaining us and the pleasure of a backshish. All the orientals take their chief meal near sunset; we had our dinner therefore on the roof just as twilight was fading into darkness. All dipped into a common dish containing a sheep, some ric vegetables, and drank from a common sherbeh. We lay down, but opticalmia attacked and so tormented three of our party, in connection with a lost of fleas and their comrades of a kindred genus, that we were com-pelled to start for home an hour before midnight. We rode in the darkness for six long hours, chilical and sleepy, when Khorrabad appeared by our path in the midst of cotton and rice-fields, but we could not stop to look at its monuments. A single gigantic bull lay close by the track, but what cared we for Khosroes wearied and worn as we were. Two hours after, we came in sight of Nebbi Ya-pies, and that tall leaving Pisadika minaret of Mazel. nies, and the tall, leaning, Pisa-like minaret of Moza just as the sun was lifting his head above the top Jebel Makiloub and pouring a flood of light over the use of Nineveh. We rode over the site of the old city es of Nineveh. and as I looked upon the sun and sky and thought of the undying spirit within me, the contrast of Ninevell's drew forth the exclamation, "the works man perisheth, but the works of God endured. "

## MADEIRA, AND A VOYAGE THITHER.

dence of The N. Y. Tubune. Noc. 1.—Among the many dispensations of Providence for which we can never evince sufficient gratitude, not the least is that which enables us, in our first happy mopast, even though recent, miseries. A warm bath, a here, whose guest I became on landing, made me soon indifferent to the desagrements, the delay and the disasters of the voyage. They became, even the first day of my arrival, as shadowy and as indefinable as myths.

of my arrival, as shadowy and as indeducable as mytha.

Some one sums up the advantages and disadvantages,
the lights and shadows of Madeira life, after this manner:
"On the whole, if Madeira were one's world, life would
certainly tend to stagnate; but as a temporary refuge, a niche in an old ruin, where one is sheltered from the shower, it has great merit." That is all true, and yet not all that is true. It will be granted that Madeira is not the place for a turbulent life; our "hot youth" would

not all that is true. It will be granted that Madeira is not the place for a turbulent life; our "hot youth" would seek a livelier, gayer, and less subdued sejour; but when we have been sufficiently deceived by our best friends, and litted by our mistresses; when we have seen and shared enough in the follies and vices of the world; when we have completed our apprenticeship to the trade of life; when, in a word, we have performed to our own satisfaction, at least, the role, so difficult, yet so necessary, of Gil Blas-I know no place than this better calculated for contentment. What a man seeks more than the Island affords savoreth of evil.

In beauty and sublimity of scenery, Madeira is unsurpassed by lands more famous for both, while the moderation and salubrity of its climate are world-remowned. It produces spontaneously the fruits of the tropics—the orange, the pomegrapate, the banana, the guava, the citron and the olive—and, though not in equal perfection the pear and the apple, and other productions of colder latitudes. The grape that it nourishes in those and more favored spots, affords a wine of richer color and superior excellence to any of sunny France, or the beasted vineyards of Germany; while the firm of its waters, the game of its mountains, its herbage-fed, and inscious beef, turkies, and various web-footed birds, supply a rich and ample cuisins.

A well-selected library—wine that has been maturing.

supply a rich and ample cuisine.

A well-selected library-wine that has been maturing A well-sefected library—wine that has been maturing to the legal age of twenty one—a choice, but not profuse table, and a horse sired by an Arabian—what waths a man more for happiness? What can be find in any country of Christendom?

It is true, and fortunate as true, that we are here in

It is true, and fortunate as true, that we are here in some measure shut out from the busy world; the communication between us and either Continent not being periodically more regular than once a fortnight. We, therefore, take in no daily Times newspaper, nor the daily Herald or Tribuse, and escape thus the frequent wounds to our sensibilities from the record of crimes as various and as atrocious as the passions of man! Plato banished all poets from his model Republic; with much greater reason would be have excluded editors, whose fictions are so much more incredible and dangerous. Indeed, a great newspaper is a great evil, and "smaller ones in proportion." ones in proportion."

Speaking of Plato reminds one that he placed (is it not

so ) his dilantis somewhere west of the columns of Her-cules; not, indeed, at Madeira, since, according to geolocules; not, indeed, at Madeira, since, according to gesto-gists, it could not have then immerged from the waters, but in the Cape de Verds, perhaps, or the Canaries. It is the general belief of the intelligent, that the "Nesoi-makaron," the "Islands of the Blessed," comprised this cluster of Western Islas; and surely no more grateful residence could have been selected for the retirement of those favored few whom a just Jupiter had level in life. For their sakes, however, it is much to be regretted that Madeira, the most attractive Isle of all, had not been called excess into a visit acceptor. called somer into existence—for here Achilles, recover-ing from the felon-stroke of Paris, might well have coning from the felon-stroke of Paris, might well have con-gratulated himself that he had exchanged, for immortali-ty of name, the tedious length of days. Agamemnon, too well, though too late, convinced of his arrogant credulity in a wife's ten years' constancy, might still have found a-lace in seasonal indulgence; and Dido, forgetting him who had usurped the privileges without conceding the name of husband—forgiving even what hardly woman can for-give—the spretague injuria forms—his sated contempt of her charms—might have renewed her youth and beauty amid scenes and climate of such immortal loveliness! At least, I doubt not, they would have been glad to have made the trial; for I suspect they went farther and fared worse.

fared worse.

The approach from the sea gives to Funchal the wild ideal we may have formed of the pirate Lambro's isle (in

Den Juan) which Lord Byron informs as was one of the smaller Cyclades. There being no harbor, no pier, no mole jutting into the sea-nothing like the smooth and rafe landing to which one has been accustomed—the impressions of the first view of the place are not softened

by nearer immediate observation,

"It's a wild and breake bearer coast,"

of seemingly dangerous approach to all but cutlawed
men. But then something must be connected to the unpropitious circumstances under which we gained the In many respects—indeed, with almost literal fidelity—

the poet's description of Cintra applies, from a proper

the poet's description of Cintra applies, from a proper point of view, to Funchal:

"The heard crass, by to relies convent crown'd.
The conderees how that clothe the sharpy steep.
The mountain made by scounding steeps moreowa'd.
The sunten alon, whose sands a shrubs must woop.
The tender same of the unsuffed deep,
The tender of the bigs, the valley leax.

The vine on high, the valley feath below;
Min'd in one might, some with varied beauty slow."

The city of Funchal is built at the base of a large

suge of mountains, which embrace it like the sides of sa surphitheatre, and rising to an immense distance above. form a magnificent back-ground to the view from the sea. From the town, in every direction, is one continued ascent, sometimes precipitous and always fatiguing. streets are mostly narrow, and paved with stones ast edgeways, to afford a hold to the horses' feet. The clat-ter of these iron shod animals, as they callop through the streets, has in it something fearful; and as there are no causeways, oftentimes it is "sauce qui peut" with the unfortunate pedestrians. Ponies however, are mostly used, very manageable, and attended besides by a kind of gilchief. It is, indeed, what the English would call a jolly sight, to see one of these poal s, with his attentiant "Burroquero," fairly en route. No matter how fast the animal trots, or gallops, or runs, the Burroquero keeps equal pace with him. A not surprising fact, perhaps, when it is considered that the man twists his hand securely in the horse's tail, and hangs on to it over prepice or river— thorough bush, thorough brier." He uses the tail of the animal, too, as a kind of rudder with uses the tail of the animal, too, as a kind of rudder with which to steer its course; and however viciously inclined it may be, it cannot kick or get free its hinder parts, while the Burrequero bears so near and so hard upon its stern. The Burrequero's duty is multifarious. He brushes the flies from the animal, urges him to proper speed, leads him over dangerous paths, holds him while you dismount, reasons with him, coaxes him, threatens him, and chartises him; answering the while all your questions, listening to all your complaints, anticipating all your wants, and giving you a risum of all geographical, topographical, geological and soological information;—and all for some two bits (2) cents) for at many hours amusement and exercise. hours amusement and exercise. These men and the lower classes generally wore a pe-culiar sort of cap, something like a saucer, very little

larger, but it may be with more of a conical shape. It is surmounted by a tail, not unlike a pig's, with a rakish is surmounted by a tast, an united a political inclination to one side. There is nothing picture-sque nor useful in it, for if does not cover the head, and is certainly not ornamental. The remainder of the dress is ordinary, as well in quality as appearance.

But some of the men are exceedingly well made—tall, and of symmetrical proportions. They walk erect. and

with an ease and elasticity of carriage not to be sur-passed. One of the two men attached to the palacquin of our house would have served as a model for the Apollo Belvidere: and his limbs display a graceful viger no

mere art could accomplish.

But while such is the physical beauty of many of the stronger sex. I can say but little for the good books of the women. Indeed, I have not seen among the lower classes a pretty girl. Whether it be owing to the labor they mostly undergo to exposure, to habits, or the coarse food which they eat, I know not; but the melancholy truth is, the women, even in their youth, are by no means truth is, the women, even in their yould night, This is in attractive, and in their old age fearfully night. This is in their last favors very cheap, and were they less disagreeable they would be more dangerous,-to morals and

It is not only that their features are plain, and their figures generally coarse-they take little or no care of their persons. The prettiest girl would want attraction if sho wanted cleanliness; but dirty ugliness is the very devil.

And upon the persons of many girls hore, of the lower orders. I am told, are domiciliated certain animals, whose very names are unspoken to "ears polite." You will see occasionally, of an afternoon, a couple of these girls engaged, in the most public parts of the city, in removing from each other's head occupants who may innoceatly think to have gained a prescriptive right there. Now, however agreeable or even useful this out-door exercise may be to the parties most directly interested in it, to the spectators it brings no gratification, nor excites, indeed, in their minds any other sensation toward the actors than one of repulsion and disgust.

The ladies du best on are of course exempt from such a charge. I do not know that they are not as clean in their persons as any ladies of the world, excepting always the French, whose household deity is cleanliness. Generally speaking, however, they are not pretty. Some have sparking black eyes, which lend to the whole countenance a brilliant irradiation; but their features mostly are unattractive, and their figures, from their in lolent hab its, and gross food, have that embonpoint so fatal to scatiment. I am told that they are clever and lively in con-versation, and of amiable dispositions. In the mother country, Portugal, as in France, marriages are made by the parents,—and this custom prevails here in aristocratic circles. And wherever it has obtained, experience indeed, but in novels, the marriage de concenna e has proved an excellent institution. While what are genproved an excellent institution. While what are erally called loss matches have been, are, and ever be, profife of misery. They spring from passion, and terminate in early satiety. The remance disappears, the sentiment subsides, the woman remains!

the sentiment subsides, the woman remains?

He who feels the bessis d'aimer here, (and it is the most urgent need he will be likely to feel on the island,) will look elsewhere, therefore, for its gratification than among the Portuguese ladies; and may not look in vain. Each Winter, two or three hundred English inhabit Funchal,—fathers and mothers, with sons and daughters. Among the latter, there are often some very pretty ones, not indisposed to a proper firtation. The climate strengthens the natural inclination of their age. "There is," says our countryman, J. Fenimore Cooper, "a period in the life of every woman, when she may be said to be predisposed to love; it is at the happy age when infancy is lost in opening maturity—when the guileless heart beats with the joyous anticipations of life which the truth can nover realize, and when the imagination forms images of perfection that are copied after its own unsullied visions."

forms images of perfection that are copied after he own unsullied visions."

It is then at this poetical age, that many English girls come out here. The delicious climate, the varied scenery, the generous food, the shaded walk by day, and mocalit views, inspire and nourish soft and indefinable desires. Love, which in its first and least soffish phase, seeks but return of love, and devotes itself to phase, seeks but return of love, and devotes itself to the Present without thought of the Morrow, springs up here almost spontaneously. An act, a word, a casual encounter, an intercepted look, may produce an impression which, duly cherished, becomes a sectiment, and even-with the interposition of proper obstacles, a prudent father, or maneuvering mamma—a passion. Instances have occurred where heads of families have been compelled, to save their daughters from a messificance, to quit precipitately the island. But these instances are rare. Marriages, indeed, do not unfrequently take place, and without any shock to less consensaces; but generally speaking unless one or the other party is but, generally speaking unless one or the other party is entrapped, nothing more unfortunate than a sentimental At this time, there are but few English girls on the

island; others are expected with the colder weather; among them, some of more than ordinary attraction. As a general rule, the English young ladies are much more a general rule, the English young indies are much more agreeable companions than the American. They are better educated in mind and manners, and, without prettier faces, have more rounded figures. They are not sent from the nursery to the drawing-room, nor allowed to converse till they have been taught to think. With the better classes, the daughters are educated at home, under the watchful supervision of the mother; and not intrusted to those social nuisances, boarding schools, where our girls are said to learn everything but womanly virtues and accomplishments.

> NEW-GRANADA. Up the Camen.

Correspondence of The N. Y. Tubune.

CALL. Tuesday, March 8, 1972.

I will try to give you at least one whost latter and i

shall not be a thorough one.

Carthage was not the end of the journey by
change in its features occurred there. Two respective
half and a filthy corridor received us to the
Friends and relatives welcomed the rest. would have been giad even to have until a to be or one who could speak English after or inco my native tongue.

The Ancient town of Cartago lies on the

The Ancient town of Cartago lies to the adversarial on the banks of the habiela at a considerable to from the Cauca. It is a Canton-seat, sled head to the food of 5.744, but the dense population appears to the that of Ibogus. As a town it compares beater at the latest and though more pleasant, much larger and not would be contains three or more Churches, in one of which I saw St. George and the Dragon for the first time. But I am getting ahead of my story. My valise and trunks were left behind on the banks of the Lahuja at the ferry, and did not arrive till the Churches closed. I had not appared even fit to be seen in the streets, and I had not apparel even fit to be seen in the streets, the ladies were without their Church-dresses. S

were all debarred from Church. The last of the beasts ame in about noon, and at night the poons left, managing

to steal my batchet by the way, and part of my rope.

In the evening there was a ball, and I was left in sole
possession of the house; I had, however, the benefit of the music and a glimpse of the ball-room through a win-dow, showed it to be of a much higher order than those of Fusagoeuga, and it is asserted that the admission of wemen without character is a peculiarity of that place. Unfortunately, we were too late for the religious fes-

tivals of Cartago, of which this ball was the last expir remnant flushing out a week after all was over. The bull-fight fence was partly removed, but the comedy stage still stood in the corner of a smaller square. It was a curiosity, being made entirely of guadua, of gigantic grass resembling bamboo, of which great use is made here. The "boards" were the hollow stems opened out flat: the beams were tied together with wild vines. the wooden houses and all the fences of the Cauca are of

guadus. We did not start early on Monday. Señora was suffering from an acute inflammation of the car, which had rendered her nearly distracted the early part of the last evening before going to the ball; from which it com-pelled her to return in two hours. The doctor prescribed cupping, as leeches were not to be had; but the trap being exhibited to the lady she resisted to the last its ap-

plication.

We sallied forth in different style from that in which we entered. All of us, except the liabe and some peons who had been sent forward with the baggage, were mounted on horses. A more beautiful country never felt the pressure of a horse's foot. It was a plain, but not level, covered with the richest grass, deuse forest an-basques through which the road passed in an endless succession of glades. It was like traversing a royal park It was Arcadia-more than Arcadia, only streams could not leap and sing in so level ground.

We stopped at Hacienda for the night, and after a late dinner I had to hang my hammock so high as to need a table under it to get in and to save my neck from too great risk from a tall. We invented a new method of aving time in the morning. It was to set out at 3, with no breakfast but chosolate. We rose at 2, and executed ur plan exactly, except that we had not even chocolate. nd started 44.

nd started 44.

We passed one fine little village with its church last night and another this morning, at which we stopped only ong enough to get a glass or two of rum. Where we would have taken breakfast none was to be had and we long ride before we found any. It cost us at last two hours and a half and we started on our way just as the hours and a half and we started on our way just as the day began to grow warm. Nature has provided the young with means to keep pace with the dambut I know of no means to prevent a babe on negro-back being an impediment to the journey of the mother mounted on a good horse. Of this we felt the full force to-day. The servants and baggage left us behind.

The last stop the babe made us was at the village of Labraida. The prison here seemed to awaken some peculiar recollections of our (now) five L. L. Ds. all of whom are conservadores. One of them, when just too big to be whipped, had been caught in the act of joining big to be whipped, had been caught in the act of joining the rebellion with some boys of his age and, I believe, had reposed safe from doing or suffering harm in this very prison. We stopped at the house of the curate a pleasant affable man, apparently a little more strict than his brother generally. He offered us all rum and segars and to the ladies, only cake.

After leaving here, we were overtaken by a violent storm, a league from our rendezvous. The servants and baggage were safe, so was my India-rubber, which I had

baggage were sate, so was my inductioned. I paid for this incautiously permitted to go forward. I paid for this with a thorough drenching.

Here, the three young men who had crossed the mountain with us went forward, leaving us to follow more at leisure. We were at an old hacconda that has been in the same family for more than 200 years. It contains 600 square miles more or less and has on it more than 1,000 laboring men. But these laboring men de not labor, and of the land, much has never been trodden by civilized man.

This plantation, like all others has been ruined by

wars. Before the war of independence began there were on the estate 36,000 head of catttle and 800 marss The houses and grounds are not of corresponding magnithe nodes and grounds are not of corresponding mighi-ficence. A square is partly inclosed by the house, chapel, sugar-mill, carpenter's and blacksmith's shops, and the ruins of a new house destroyed by the weather before roofing, during the revolution of 1851. The only room common to all the family is the parlor, paved with brick through which pass at will hogs and asses. I heard a duet by two asses that happened to both bray in the par-lor at the same time. I never expect to hear the like again. For a long time the family had not resided on the estate, but at this hour new apartments are fitting up for their reception. I slept the first night in-doors, but not relishing the intimacy of the zaucudos, the second night, I hung my hammock in the corridor, using for the first time a musketo net since leaving the Lower Magdalena. Here, however, I had to contend with the goats, who had a precuptive right to the cor-ridor from the time the floors were shut until sucrise. when they left it looking like the floor of a sheep fold.

The cause of the musketos, for it is better them so, was obvious; it was winter there; for that the name for a rainy spell. Perhaps 50 horses came to the house in the course of the day. Their feet had established a trench of mud deep enough to breed musketos along the front and one end of the house. In one part of it the hogs had a wallow, and to secure a summer supply there were numerous pools excavated in making bricks.

orange, a tamarind, a coco and a young bread-fruit now on the place. Watermelons, muskmelons and cucum-bers, would grow well here, but the latter, the lady of the heuse has never tasted, and of the others, I here saw on each, the first I have seen here. There was a host of servants here, formerly slaves

There was a host of servants here, formerly slaves, to we eminently useless. The bouse-keeper was a mulat-to, all the rest were of the purest African, a fact rather surprising on a plantation so destitute of female influence, and where so often there are in the family white de-

pendants.

The next day I found the law of propriety about bathing, among the better class here. A lady never bathes except dressed from head to foot, or rather from neck except dressed from head to foot, or rather from neck to ankle. A gentleman never bathes with another except dressed in a handkerchief. Gentlemen and ladies bathe together exactly as if their own sex only were present. Thus mutually we and they would view each the others' customs as an outrage of decency.

Here a sister of señor joined us; the babe was put on horseback. From Cartago we were no longer decendant on our own cookery, and our conversion from dragoons into light-horse was complete. At nearly every stopping-place we were among friends, and congratulations and embracings were the order of the day. Occasionally a well-known and faithful servant (cleaner than the one 1

well-known and faithful servant (cleaner than the one sonarrowly escaped at Bogota) had her turn.

We stopped at Buga la grande (Buga the little) and here was the second place I found good oranges plenty as water. We found, as we advanced, the water more rapid, singing its cheerful song to the pubbles as it passed. The rivers were more numerous and the water beautifully clear.
Suddenly after crossing one of these beautiful rivers on

Suddenly after crossing one of these beautiful receives in a large, paved town of which I had never heard. It was Tulus. We passed without stopping, for we had a hacienda to reach. After a night ride, the more sliagreeable, as I was told the road here was even more beautiful than usual, we found a cerdial reception and a prompt. and good dinner.

One wall of the dining-room appeared peculiar; on

examination I found it a living mat of Passion-flower. The horse proved by daylight to be two sides of a square, and along the interior angle a brisk little rivulet passed the dining coridor and along past the kitchen, and having refreshed the place fertilized the fields beyond.

refreshed the place fertilized the fields beyond.

Barly the next morning we entered Buga. This is the capitol of the Province of Canca, in which we entered the valley of the Canca. It is about the size of Cartago, but not I think as ancient. We visited here till the day grew hot, and then proceeded. There is an unceremonicances about the receptions a stranger meets here, that embarrasses. For example: I knew not that we were to stop in Buya till after making our sixth turn the horse at the head of the column entered the front door of a house. The rest diamounted in the passage or court; so did I. Here the family means, and leaving the rest to do the hugging, I went forward, in the passage or court; so did I. Here the family means, and leaving the rest to do the hugging. I went forward, chaking hands with all I met, saying, "At your service, senor," "At your feet, my senora," "Adica Schorta," of which phrases it is well for the traveler to provide himself with a good assortment, including "How now," and "How goes it with you." Seated, I remained silent a little while, till one of my hosts broke ground with, "Señor Holton, how long do you think of remaining in the Province!" I have reason to think my name had not before been mentioned by the company; certainly he had no official right to know it. I found after leaving, that he was consin of two of my Quandio companions, and bore no operate right to know it. I found after leaving, that he was cousin of two of my Quantio companions, and hore the same name, but I did not know it till after Heft. We were to have breakfasted here, but it had been impossible to escape from the hands of our kind friends of last night, who by some masterly movement, had breakfast ready for us at siz!

At the second house we called at in Buya there were books on the table. This is the third instance of this I

books on the table. This is the third instance of this I have met with. There were also drawings on the walls. I saw there a Guitar Preceptor and a Drawing Book.—
In one or two calls more I came to the conclusion that those travelers who give Bogota the palm of Granadan heauty had not traveled in the Cauca. Señora, who is a Bogotana, protects that they are right.

We left Buya, crossed more bubbling rivers, and fol-lowed on till we stopped on account of the heat which might be 85° in the shade, and in the sun hot enough. I went and took a warm bath in a shady river that had been running in the sun. I rarely or never had a warm-er beth. Absolutely the six foll cold when I bath. Absolutely the air felt cold when I came out,

At half-past two we were again under way. I was struck with the marvellous beauty of the country. I dare not attempt to describe it. The painter would not dare to country. dare to copy it. Bolivar too was struck with the places and inquired the name. They replied "Sansa," (Tac Half-witted, cracked; Fem.) What a bestial name for the Grenadian Italy. The country here is well watered and much irrigated. We crossed one stream, the bed of which could not be five feet below the average level of the country. It was clear as crystal.

We passed the night at the Hacienda of one of our Qumdio friends who had gained his home before us. We found the house full of daughters, the youngest of who n has been married a month. The lady has had fourteen children, and the family in the house now is about twenty. One of the ladies aided me in taking the census. Of one of her sisters she remarked, " She has no children yetbut will have soon.

This Hacienda too was deserted during the war, but the house is a very fine one, and in the grounds which a few months ago were in the wildest confusion, I noticed the same delightful distribution of water as this morning, and a stream almost large enough for a water-mill runs directly to the bath, a spacious vat, eight feet The clock struck nine while we were at dinner, which,

from circumstances beyond the control of our kind hoats, was not very comfortable. The same fates were against them and us in the morning; for we set out a little be fore eight without even a cup of coffee or chocolate This, I am told, is one of the necessary inconveniences of the glorious abolition of slavery. What can you do with a servant to whom money is no object and ease is very delightful !
We made a miserable breakfast, with a short allowance

of wooden spoons, wooden plates and wooden cups, at a roadside cottage; I examined here a foot-bridge built of one arch across a wide stream, with nothing but guades

and vines.

Here we turned to the west and approached the Cauca by a league of what in winter must be a horribly muddy road. We had not yet seen it, although for five days now, not including the stoppings, we had followed its right bank. We crossed its muddy waters with little delay, and awaited the swimming and reloading of our herses, in the house of the ferryman erected on stills.

We turned out of the way to a hacienda to visit and await the fall of the sun a little ; here we made a good deviation from our programme, in taking a good dinner to which we did extravagant justice. We then resumed our journey south, fanned by the breezes of the Pacific, which is but two days' distance, and at night approached

The largest towns in New-Granada are Bogota, Medellin, Cali. San Jil Socorro, Piedecuesta, and Velez. As ou approach Cali from the plains, you see nothing but a vast grove, with some of the cottages of the suburbs peeping out, and, towering over all, two huge churches, eminent above everything, like St. Paul's in London, or the State-Heuse of Boston. Soon we were following up the left bank of the Call River. We crossed a hand the left bank of the Cali River. some bridge of nine arches, the longest and widest I know of in New-Granada. The pavement ratiled beneath our feet a glimpse of a public square and church showed itself in the dusk of the evening. We turned and rode into a house, and with more and more earnest embracings of parents, brothers, sisters, and faithful servants, our journey from Begota to Call was ended.

And now, of course, there would be but two more let-ters of my travels—one from here to Buenaventura, an-other the thrice-told tale of the Isthmus. But, alas! like the Jews on the verge of Palestine, I must turn back to my weary wanderings in the wilderness. And this, too.

my weary wanderings in the wilderness. And this, too, when so near—only two letters from New-York!

I have not the heart now to speak of Cali. I have not the heart to speak of smything. I tear off the other half of this sheet to diminish its weight, and sad among the kindest of friends, homesick in the finest city I have ever seen, in which English is not spoken, I bid you also.

ABOUT FISHING AND ANGLING. Correspondence of The N. Y. Tribune. KEY WEST, Tuesday, March 22, 185%.

Of recreation there is none
So free as flabing is alone;
All other pastimes du no less
Than mind and bedy both possess.
My hand alone my work can do,
So I can fish and study boo.

Assume has ever been regarded a most manly, healthful and attractive sport or recreation. It was practised by the Patriarchs and Apostles-by the learned, the benevolent and the heavenly-minded at later periods; and, indeed, it has been followed with the greatest avidity by persons in every rank and condition in life. if not from the " beginning," surely from a time so remote, that human records and the traditions of men ran not to the contrary." And although Angling be a sport of great antiquity-an art apparently very simple—yet there are very few requiring more practical knowledge, or greater nicety and precision in its exer-cise. An expert and successful angler must possess a species of acquired knowledge, which the word knack best expresses, and which is no difficult to impart to

others, in writing, as is the art of fencing.

Having for many years indulged "more or less" in throwing the fly to the augmentation of bodily health and cheerful-mindedness. I make the following piscatory gleanings and statements, not with a view "how to make a man that was none to be an angler," but to induce others to embrace and practice the "gentle art."

There is a marked distinction between Angling and Fishing; for angling is the art of catching fish with an angle of the state of the sta

angle-an instrument consisting of a rod, a line and a hook-and fishing is the practice of catching fish in any manner and with any instrument whatsoever. An As-orem is one who fishes with an angle and for amusement and recreation, and not for profit: he fishes occasionally and recreation, and not for profit: he hancs occasionally only, and not as an occupation; while the Figuran as is one who follows fishing as a business and for profit. He fishes with a net, a spear, &c., and may practice the art of catching fish with an angle, and may be a good angler. Still he is a Fisherman and not an Angler, for an Angler catches fish with the angle only, and never becomes efer catches his with the angle only, as Fisherman while he uses the angle and that only.

That the Patriarehs practised angling and fishing, is
the following passages from the Old Testa-

proven by the following passages from the Old Testa ment: "Canst thou draw out leviathan with a hook ment: "Canst thou draw out leviathan with a hook!" or his tongue with a cord which thou lettest down!"—Job xii., 1, 2. "They take up all of them with the angle, they catch them in their net, and gather them in their drag."—Habbakuk I., 15. "The Lord God hath 'aworn by his Holiness that, lo, the days shall come upon 'you, that he shall take you away with hooks and your 'prosperity with fish hooks."—Amos iv., 2. "The fishers also shall mourn, and all they that cast angle in the 'brooks shall lament, and they that spread nets upon the waters whell laments."—Lamb xix expected the shall take you have you had not supon the waters whell laments.

waters shall languish."—Isaiah xix., 8.
That a majority, at least, of the Apostles were fishermen is evident from the XXIst chapter of St. John's Gospel, where it is recorded that seem of them were to Gospel, where it is recorded that seem of them were to-gether at the sea of Tiberius, and "Simon Peter said unto them. I go a fishing, and they say unto him, we also go with thee." But the Apostle Peter is the only one of the TWELVE who is known to have been an angler: and this is shown in the Gospel according to St. Matthew xvii., 27, where our Lord says to Peter, "Go thou to the sea and cast a kook, and take up the fish that first cometh up, and when thou hast opened his mouth, they shalt

eth up, and when thou hast opened his mouth, then shalt find a piece of money."

And the early profane writers are equally explicit in regard to fish and angling.

Diodorus Siculus speaks of Monnis, the predecessor of Sesotris, who lived three thousand years ago, who constructed an artificial lake about sine miles long and four hundred feet wide, and in this capacious "fishpond" he had twenty-two different kinds of fish. The revenue derived from fishing in this pond he assigned to his wife for "pin money," and from which she is said to have realized \$10,000 a day.

Legitimate angling, with rod, line and hook, was practised in the Trojan Ago, for Hounn, 2,700 years ago, thus describes an angler:

"On area's protraided side.

thus describes an angler:

"On a reak's protried side.
Scooped and hollowed by the tide.
With batted hisel, and time to hand.
The patient Angler takes his stand.
The ting just first the transhing line.
Espeak the proy, quick at the line.
His well-reperienced at he piles.
And Tuxocurires, the Pastoral Greek Poet, 2,000 years ago, thus described a fisherman's dwelling:

"hard by were last
Easkets, and all their implements of trade.
Ro's, hooks and lines composed of strong hisses bairs.
And arts of various sorts and various shares.

Here are not only rods and hosks, but lines of "strong horse haire," which indicate an improvement in the

horse hairs," which indicate an improvement in the

gentle art" at that early age.

The Greeks were fond of angling, and the wealth built The Greeks were fond of angling, and the wealth built expensive fish-pends. Armanes, a Greek writer 2,000 years ago, describes a ship or gailey built for Hiero of Syracuse, in the lose of which was a fish-pend of 2,000 cubic feet measurement, and containing a great variety of fish. And the Romans probably exceeded the Greeks in their fondness for fish and fishing—and the "artificial fish pends" of Lucullus, Hertensius and Calus Hirrius sold for from ten thousand to one hundred thousand dol-

lars each. About 1,900 years ago the voluptuous Queen Ct. nora-

party;" and Plutarch thus tells the trick she played upon

"They wagered on their angling, and her divers
Did hang a solities on his book, which he
With fervency drew up."
And then the company laughed at Astony, and then the winsome CLEOPATRA soothed his anger by saying: "Go,

winsome CLEOPATRA soothed his anger by saying: "Go,
Antony, leave angling to us petty princes—your game
is cities, kingdoms and provinces."
Here is later and better evidence that angling is a propitious occasion for making love:
"I in these flowery mosts would be,
These or stal stranus should solve me:
To whose harmonious bubbling noise,
I with my angle would rejuice;
Six here, while Chlora sings a song.
And we the blackhird feed her young."
But angling is not only suggestive of love-making, but
it is a cure for love-sickness: for Ovan in his "Remedy
of Love," advises, among other remedies:

of Love," advises, among other remedies:

"Or else for fish your bearied angle ball,
And for your art's success with patience wait.
Through sports like these you'll steal into relief,
And, while your time you come, cheef your grief."

"Thus "ancient and honorable" was the practice of catching fish with the net; the rod, line and hook, with and without a float; and spearing fish at night, by "burning the water," was also practised "a long time

"burning the water," was also practised "a long time ago." for Quintus Smyrnacus says:

As the shrewd taker, best on finny spoil,
Invokes Hephasatus to asiat his toll.

The blairi since, fanned by the breezes, glow
Around the bost, and light the waves below:
The crowing fishes histon in surprise
To view the incloser close with wood ring eyes:
Then dotts the tradest, and the briny flood.
Is erinsoned with the locastines victim's blood."

But the first record of "Fly Fishing"—that most manly and delightful of all sports—was not made and preserved till the year of our Lord 230, although the figure doubtless used wherever trout were found, as early was doubtless used wherever trout were found, as ear as the first knowledge that they were the most delicio and delicate esting.

ÆILAN, in A. D. 230, says the "spotted trout" were

found in a river in Macedonia. They fed upon flies as her (the flies) sported on the surface of the waterhey (the flies) sported on the surface of the sacethe trout "leaping upon them as a wolf upon a sheep in he fleck," and seizing their prey, sank again into deep water. The anglers seeing this, in process of time, as he science of angling advanced, learned to "outwit the fish," by wrapping around their hook some purple wood, and then tied on two feathers. This "artificial dy" they and then tied on two feathers. and then tied on two feathers. This "artificial ity" they threw with a pole and a line upon the water, and the fish, attracted by the appearance of the pretty insect they fed upon, seized the bait and were caught. Such is the truthful record, descriptive of "Fly Fishing," over 1,500 years are. years ago.

Anging must have been a favorite sport with the clergy in early times, for the [Ecclesiastical Canons recommend it as "a recreation inviting them to contemplation and quietness;" and St. Ires says: "Angling is a thing simple and innocent, and no ways repugnant to the clerical character."

clerical character."

In a treatise on Angling, published in London 356 years ago, are the following quaint but truthful sayings:
"All other manere of fysshynge is laborous and grevous, makynge folkes full wete and colde; but the angler maye have no colde, nor no dysease, nor angre, for the dysporte and game of anglynge is the very meane and cause that enducith a man into a you that ben vertuous, gentyll, and free borne. I write and make this symple treatyse followynge, by whyche, we may have the full crafte of anglynge to dysporte rea ye maye have the full crafte of anglynge to dysporte rea at your luste; to the entent that your aege may be the more floure and the lenger to endure.'

"more floure and the lenger to endure."

MARKHAM, who was a "gentleman and a scholar." in
the reign of Charles I. published a book, in which he
said, "The art of angling is the most comely, most hopest, and giveth the most liberty to Divine meditation;
that it having ever been most hurtlessly necessary, hath
become the sport of Gods saints, of most holy fathers,
and many worthy and reverend divines, both dead and
at this time living."

at this time living."
In a "Visitation Sermon." printed in 1615, is the following amusing enumeration of clerical fishers: "Some angle for tributary fish-these are silver fishers; some fish with a shining shell in their net—these are flatter-ing fishers: some fish with a poke-net for a dinner ing fishers: some fish with a poke-net for a dinnerthese are hungry fishers: some fish for frogs that they
may creak against the church—these are scismatical
fishers: some fish for air above the clouds—these are
enthusiastical fishers: some fish for princes, crowns
and scepters—these are Beliebub fishers; and some fish
for souls—and these are Christian fishers."

The learned, the amiable and the venerable Izaar
Walton, says: "In this pleasant and barmless Art of
Angling, a man hath none to quarrel with but himself,

Angling, a man bath none to quarrel with but himself, and he may employ his thoughts in the noblest studies, almost as freely as in his closet. The minds of anglers are usually more calm and composed than others; and suppose he take nothing yet he enjoyeth a delightful walk by pleasant views in sweet pastures, among oder-iferous flowers, which gratify his senses and delight his mind;" and he adds, "I know no sort of men less subject to melancholy than the Anglers; many have cast off other recreations and embraced it, but I never knew an angler wholly cast off his affection to his beloved

recreation."
That churlish, unhappy, ungodly, yet talented Lord
Bynon, called Angling "the cursedest, coldest and the
'stapidest of sports:" and called Walton "a sentiment'al savage," and said,
"The quaint old concomb in his relist
Should have a hook, and a small trout to pall it."
But the "learned, excellent, witty and cheerful" Sir
HENRY Worron, who was "one of the delights of mankind," said that Angling "was a rest to his mind, a cheer-

kind," said that Angling ' was a rest to his mind, a cheerer of his spirits, a diverter of sadness, a calmer of un 'quiet thoughts, a moderator of the passions, a procurer of contentedness, and that it begat habits of peace and patience in those who professed and practiced it." As IZAAK WALTON, whom Byron called the "sentiments 'savage," is the voluminous author of pious and instruc-tive writings—the "Complete Angler," and whom Wardsworth calls the "meek Walton of Heavenly

memory."
Without citing additional authority or testim its favor, I will make public confession of an ardent and abiding affection for the profession and practise of the "gentle art ot angling."

I have angled in the swift-running trout-brooks among

the Granite Hills of New-Hampshire, and in the "Mea-dow-Brook" on the Elis Farm, from which Daniel Webster first saw a trout caught. He was "raking Webster first saw a trout caught. He was "raking after the cart," when his father said: "Dan, stand by 'the exen and see me catch a trout." And taking a single stem of Timothy grass, he crept noiselessly to the brink of the brook, and then gently dapped its head upon the water. It was quickly seized by a speckled trout, and by "jerking just at the nick of time," the trout was jerked ashore. This was related to me by Mr. Webster as he pointed out the spot where the trout was taken.

I have angled in the nosed Battenkill, in Arlington, Vermont, and killed trout in all the Green Mountain

I have angled in the noted Battenani, in Armontain Vermont, and killed trout in all the Green Mountain streams—from Manchester to Rutland on the west side, and from Bellows' Falls to Woodstock on the east side I have filled many a "fish basket" with the spotted and from Bellows Palls to Woodstock on the east size. I have filled many a "fish basket" with the spotted trout from the "cool spring brooks" and rivulets is Otsego County, New-York, and often thrown the fly successfully upon the pure waters of Lake George and the mountain-streams that flow therein.

I have cast the fly and raised the trout upon the art ficial eddies and ripples of the river Aray, that encircled Inverary Castle, in Argyleshire, Scotland; have angled in Carp River, near the Island of Mackinaw; in the dashing and foaming waters of the Saut Ste. Marie, and in the transparent waters that surround the "trout islands" in the beautiful Rock Harbor of the beautiful

lale Royale, in Lake Superior.

In Otsego County, within ten miles of Corperst off are many spring brooks and rivulets, where I can kill with the fly, a hundred good sized trout, in four or five

hours, on "A day without too bright a beam,

A warm, but not a scorobing sun,
A southern wind to carl this steam."—
In Carp River, twelve miles from Mackinaw, we (a part)
of three) killed over 500 in three hours and a half, and I filled my bag, holding half a bushel, standing in for feet water, without a change of locality, and in Rolk Harbor, Isle Royale, I have killed, with delicate tackle meny a "spotted trout," weighing from two and a ball

many a "spotted trout," weighing from two and a half to four pounds.

But it is at the out rush of Lake Superior, in the roarist waters of the Saut Ste, Marie that the angler's skill and self-possession are most severely tosted. He takes a bark once with two native Indians—the one at the stern to prope the cames from rock to rock, and the other at the box to hold fast to the rocks. And here amid the might rush of waters, he must stand erect in the bark canoo, throw bis fly, hook and give range to the "big trout," reel it up against the swift current, and then with the throw his by, hook and give range to the "big trous" reel it up against the swift current, and then with the dexter hand, four feet from the rock, safely land it is the cance. If not perfectly self-possessed amid the ecitement, he loses his balance, and the cance upaste; he use his reel unskilfully, the trout breaks loose; and if in landing the trout, its tail hits the esnoe, his line is broken and treut lost, or, if he use too much force, be

throws the treat entirely over the cance.

This is angling that is angling, such as Izaak Walton's "Complete Angler" does not teach, and the author once, again and again, killed thirty, fifty and seventy-fire trout, from a half to one and a-half pourds each, and never upset the cance but once, and then "was drown'd."

Oh, the callest

OTSEGG.